

Our Eternal Renaissance

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/26365954) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/26365954>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warnings:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings , Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	Multi
Fandom:	The Penumbra Podcast
Relationships:	Peter Nureyev/Juno Steel , Buddy Aurinko/Vespa Ilkay , Diamond/Juno Steel , Mick Mercury/Benzaiten Steel , Rita/Sasha Wire
Characters:	Peter Nureyev , Juno Steel , Vespa Ilkay , Buddy Aurinko , Jet Sikuliaq , Rita (Penumbra Podcast) , Diamond (Penumbra Podcast) , Sasha Wire , Mick Mercury , Benzaiten Steel , M'tendere (Penumbra Podcast) , Cecil Kanagawa , Cassandra Kanagawa
Additional Tags:	College , Drinking , Car Accidents , Verbal Abuse , Daddy Issues , Over the Top , We Just Love Each Other , There Can Be Only One , It Gets Worse Before It Gets Better , This Is Not Going To Go The Way You Think , Fluff and Angst
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-09-08 Updated: 2020-11-27 Words: 4,500 Chapters: 4/?

Our Eternal Renaissance

by [petersparadise](#)

Summary

In college, anything is possible. Peter Ransom is a college student looking for life. Will he get to experience all that he wishes for, or will it take a turn for the worst?

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Something New Everyday

They say the light shines brightest on the father you look out onto something, but they never mention those who are the human embodiment of light itself. I, myself, have come into the crossfire associated with this state of mind and viewing pleasure. I wish to never mention this to anyone again.

My name is Peter Magnus Nureyev, or Peter Ransom for the time being. I am a junior college student studying law in a school where I do not belong. I am a thief, and there is a high possibility that my ass will get caught, but fuck it. At this point in time, I'll do anything to feel normal. I have long black hair, with pretty scarlet streaks, dark, crow like eyes, and red glasses that had chains like those I wished upon my body. I also have chain earrings too. The longing to be a teenager again has come and gone for many years, but that feeling comes to everyone with age. I was an adult now, and I have a lot more freedom! This is simply preposterous! No one has yet to come around to show me affection for which I so longed for. Oh, to live out that fantasy! Holding someone close all night no matter if the clothes remain on or out of sight! The tingles tickled me all through my body.

Looking up, the clock in the shape of a cat told me I was going to late for my classes! My roommate informed me of **NOTHING!!** Ugh. Goddamn Bastard Man, which was born from a whore of a motherfucker who possibly fucked my father in which whom I have never met! Anyway, I got dressed! I wore a black lace corset, the **TIGHTEST** I could get it, high heel boots that reached to the starts, black jeans because I felt that today was going to be a chill one, and a top made of red satin which made my shoulders look sexy for those who were into that kind of thing. Damn, I'm so astonishing, I could go to classes naked, but I'm not a whore. Yet, if I chose that route, then nobody would be willing to take my virility.

Walking down the hallway, I knew people were staring! I'm the most ducking charming and sexiest man to ever live! Nothing is better than what I can afford! Being very adequate in my make-up was also a plus I could use towards my enemies! Whores would square up, and men will lavish in my equity!

Strutting down the hallway I saw the current man of my dreams! Big Titty Juny!.. Ahem, his name is Juno Steel. The only person I know whose ass doesn't cave in while sitting down due to the imported plastic residing in it. His make-up was **GORGEOUS!** So dark and dreary it turns me on just thinking about how it would look if he was crying! ;) The same goes for his lipstick. He was standing with a woman to emo to function. Hair cut so short and sharp it might as well be used as helicopter blades. Rumor has it she's a good kisser, but I don't want to start more drama just to find out for myself. Digging a hole deeper isn't what I need what

now. Ah, Mick Mercury. Hooked-up with him once, but then I caught something from and in revenge I told the professor of the class we shared that he was cheating all year and they made him take the class again, but, the process before I received the clout virus was immaculate.

What day it was to be alive.

Looking at Juno's cake brought out the better in me. He saw me staring, and lifted my head with his hand, nails painted with a pretty shade of grey. The same shade of grey as the cover from that one book. "Hey babe, heading to your class, I assume?" His smile almost made me weak at my knees. From the look of it, we could probably take on each other in hallway lobby. I hate to admit, but he brings out the inner wolf in me. Howling at the moon in exasperation! Just like the ones Sasha's roommate, Rita, watches.

A redheaded woman with a dominatrix complex and a greenheaded bitch, who looked like those giant green dumpsters in the city, walked past us. The green one, Vespa Ilkay, or Icky, as what I refer to her as, made, what they thought was quiet, a remark towards me. "This is a professional school, not the corner."

Trying to be smooth, I took a sip of my fruit smoothie, which tasted like blood but without the metallic taste, and responded with: "What, are you jealous?"

Vespa smiled, and stepped forward from her girlfriend. "Jealous of what," she pointed towards me, "your split ends? We get it, Ransom, *you're poor*."

Now, to be quite frank, I wanted to slap the shit out of her, but with Juno present, I didn't want him to see me lose my cool. All I did was smile. Fangs and all.

Vespa Icky laughed at me. "Let that poor shark you keep in your mouth go!"

I increased my volume. "Keep your legs closed then! Take the aquarium back to the zoo where it belongs!" I moved my pointer finger back and forth.

"Oh, so you know what it smells like, wolf boy?"

"Why would I waste my time on you? Spinach head bitch. This is a school, not a strip club!"

Vespa rolled her eyes. My smart brain had a growing suspicion of what she would mention next. "Remember Cecil Kanagawa's Certified Love-In?"

"We do **NOT** talk about that!" Sasha budded in. It was the last thing that needed to be mentioned ever again. Let alone in **PUBLIC** of all things.

"Sis," I looked down at my long, red acrylic nails. "We all know I was most popular person there."

"That's because you chopped Diamond's dick off with a shard of broken glass!" Vespa yelled.

Rita was walking by at the time and responded with a loud "oof".

I folded my skinny arms towards my body. "I only did that because he stole my Ero Ayesh CD!"

Vespa rolled her eyes. "C'mon, babe! We got a feminine bathroom to attend to!" She walked away. I won.

"Coming, Darling." The redhead followed suit.

The two lesbians left. Good. I can finally attend my class for which I was supposed to be attending. I turned, but Juno grabbed my shoulder. The soft tone in his voice felt loud. "Babe, why don't you come over tonight!~ We can do whatever you'd like with whatever you want!"

0I smiled, gave him a kiss, and went on my merry way. Man, it feels good to be in college.

The classroom was full of people for who I knew too well. The teacher, Mr. Engstom, was starting class. Having an affair with him to pass the class appears in my mind like a good idea, but right now I did not need the extra credit. What a shame.

"Ah, Mr. Ransom," he began. "I see you've decided to show up this time."

I rolled my eyes and placed my hands, which were good for many things on my skinny sides, ;). "I complete all ur assignments. Get off my dick!" I brushed a piece of hair out of my face.

"Take a seat." The old bastard turned back around. He began writing on the charlckboard made of lead and arsenic.

I sat my flat ass down in the chair. Putting my earphones in, I started listening to Sickest Kids. God, I'm their biggest fan! Their lyrics get so personal at times. I like to think that I'm singing this to Juno some times. I already had the notes for this class and did all the class and homework. My mentality is at an all time low today. If I died, at least I predicted it myself. I thought today was gonna be a normal one, though, but then!

A woman, who looked like she saw death and had daddy issues at the same time, covered in blood burst through the door. "WE NEED HELP! HURRY! THERE'S BEEN AN **ACCIDENT!!**"

I shot up from my seat so fast I could have flown away like a piece of paper. Running out of the room, I was afraid Juno had fallen victim to this act of terrorism. My heels clicked down the hallway so loudly they sounded like bullets. Nobody died. They're faking it. Nothing like this ever happens to college kids like yours truly.

A car accident. This is utterly preposterous. I wish I was in it so that people would feel sorry for me, but not all dreams come true.

People were stand around looking with fear and interest. Crying and all. Jet, Sasha, Rita, that dumb bitch with the cats, Diamond, Mick, Benzaiten. They were all there, standing at the abyss of the wreckage.

I wonder who was involved. I wasn't gonna laugh, but I had a list, and if they were on it, I would.

Jet had recognized one of the victims and stepped forward. "M'TENDERE!!!"

I covered my mouth with my hand. "More like M'deaddere."

I sighed and released released my hand.

There were five people in the accident.

Two people died.

I wasn't one of them.

ER My Heart

Chapter Summary

Peter Ransom is a man who possesses such a strong free will, but will it interfere with what really matters in his life?

Only we, the reader, can be the judge of that.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The hospital was full of pure anarchy.

People screaming, crying, and all that bullshit. These attention whores are wasting their time. Like, the people in the accident weren't that important. M'tendere was, I suppose, but only because they were friends with Jet. Did their life matter to me? No. Their friendship with Jet was overrated. I'm surprised Jet didn't bore his friends to death. It's like talking to giant rock. This guy had nothing going for him! What a blockhead!

Sitting in the lobby felt as though I was residing in my mother's womb. A warm, tight space. A space that I, Peter Nureyev, never got to personally know. I almost broke down in tears. I was never provided the chance to know her. What a shame.

The smell of hospital chemicals filled the air. It brought back my memories of a planet that I visited long ago. Chernobyl. Unlike the planet, the people were alive in this one. They were like roaches. Sleeping with each other, except for Jet a few others, and the word whore was a very old word that had been brought back to light in this current day and age. I yawned and looked up towards the comms screen on the wall in front of me. A opera soap which focused on vampires was playing. The main character, for which I concluded her name to be Ravena, was making out with this blonde bitch she met at the beach. Oh, how I longed for somebody to love me in that way.

Sitting next to me was Juno's identical twin brother, Benzatien. He wasn't bad in his looks. He had his curly hair up in a pony tail and earrings in both ears in the shape of stars. Although his ass wasn't as fat as Juno's, I'd still tap that.

Ever since I was a child my mind has been a swirl. After killing Mag I never was the same. Juno helped me see through the darkness. I ate his dinner once and changed for the better. No matter which one of the two of them I chose, I knew I'd always get the same results.

Every. Single. Time.

"A lot of people got hurt." Ben spoke out to me. The expression on his face was full of sorrow. It brought pain to my heart. How a guy, so bright in exposition, could feel sorrow so low like the deepest depths of any ocean on Mars.

"I know," I turned to him, a soft smile residing on my face, "may I ask, do you have any plans tonight?"

Ben placed a soft smile on his face. Unlike Juno, he was more softer in tone and personality. He knew there was a moment to be sad and a moment to be happy. "Me and a few others are going exploring tonight, wanna come?"

How could I say no to that beautiful face! Maybe something good could come out of it. If you know what I mean. ;) "I'd love to! When are you going to pick me up?"

Benzatien placed his hand on mine. A warm sensation fell upon me, and I hoped that the goosebumps resided on my arms decided to skip this one out. "I'll pick you up at 6."

God, just like a majority of my classmates, this sexual tension we possessed could reach the stars! "Sounds good to me!"

"**FINALLY!**" I thought. Something to keep me busy. I filed the thought of Benzatien away 'for future consideration'. I never wanted to stoop that low, but I was...getting desperate, just like most people at this school, and decided to go for whoever I could. Since he's a twin, why not try both sides of the same coin?

Ben arrived around 5:45. Him, and few others were waiting for me in the dark green car. Mick, Cassandra, Sasha, and Pilot were also waiting inside as well. I put on a cranberry colored shirt with halfway see-through sleeves that fell off one shoulder, black pants that were tight around my lower body, black stockings, and boots that looked like high heel shoes. I wore ruby earrings that hung off of both my ears.

I grabbed my purse and left. I made it to the car, and sat in the front seat next to Ben. "Where's Juno?" I asked.

"He told us he was gonna study," Mick commented. He had dreads that fell past his neck, and a stubble that was slowly forming its way into beard. He was handsome, but that's a story for another time. "but he told us to have fun!"

I rubbed my nose, scratching it against my nose which hurt because of my sharp nails, and sighed. I looked into the rearview mirror at Pilot. "Why is the airplane flyer here?"

Pilot sat up in their seat. "Cass told me you guys were heading somewhere, so I tagged along."

"Pilot, even I don't know where we're going." I responded while watching Ben pull the car out of the parking lot.

Pilot let out a quick, soft laugh. "That makes two of us."

By the time we arrive at our destination it was sunset. The trees, known only to grow on Mars, covered the land for miles. It was like those hoes who are always asking you for food or some shit like that.

We got out of the car and began to walk down the trail. There was so much dirt it was like a college student making a sex tape. There's nothing wrong with what they do, but it can get warm and steamy at times.

None of us were prepared to walk. We laughed and talked about our cake that 50% of us possessed and many other things that plagued our waking lives.

"It feels so nice out here!" Mick said excitedly, bending back and stretching his body out of his stiffness.

It got a little darker.

A little quieter.

...

A little *too* quiet.

"Hey, Ben," Sasha spoke up, and turned to look towards him. "where the hell are we?"

We all looked around in different directions. Great. I'm lost in a forest with wannabes and people who have nobody to fulfill their sexual urges. I looked at Sasha.

Suddenly, we heard the noise of a tree branch break from around us.

We turned around and saw...

A dark figure staning in the distance.

They had glowing red eyes like a monster, looked about 5'4, and appeared to be a skinny legend. It was staring at us. Looking into our souls.

They stepped closer, and pulled out a weapon. Most likely a weapon to murder us with.

"Whatever you do," Sasha began. "do not make any sudden movements."

Mick turned around and began running away from the group.

"Shit." Pilot spoke out loud.

The figure began running towards us, which caused us to run and catch up with Mick. We screamed as we ran away.

"FUCK YOU GAYS!" I screamed as we ran away as fast as we could. My high heel boots were finally bringing me justice. We kept running and running and running and running and- well, you get the picture.

"I'M GONNA DIE!" Mick screamed as he ran in front of us. Idk why he was screaming. The killer was behind us.

If I'm being honest, which I try to be, but rarely, I couldn't see shit, but none of us could, and that's what mattered.

The more we ran, the more our lives were on the line.

The six of us were lost in a forest full of demons, and darkness, and probably people who's kinks were so far underground they needed a tombstone to find them.

We kept running no matter what our fate was.

For we knew we had to make the most of what we had left.

I am certain it wasn't much.

Chapter End Notes

Hey lovelies! It's Peter here, and I just wanted to say that I DO know how to write! This actually happened to me, so if you guys can keep your immodest comments to yourself, I would greatly appreciate it!

XOXO, Peter Nureyev~

Beauty and the Bourgeoisie

Chapter Summary

Life as we know it is always changing.

For these college kids, will it change for the better, or for the worse?

We may never know.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Five gays were running in the forest.

...

Wait...hold on a second.

I proceeded to count on my fingers while I ran...

Oh! I forgot Pilot! Now I see what they have no fans! Even I seem to forget them myself!

Good, I've hated that bitch since we met.

Anyway, okay, so six gays were running in the forest.

Which one of them will die first?

Now, I know what you're thinking. "Ransom, it will probably be you with your half brain-half dumbass thinking!" Well, incorrect! That's because I...what the hell is that?

We came upon an abandoned castle. It was dark and gloomy, like the ones you see in those streams or what not. I'm sure it's harmless. It feels like the college all six of us bastards attend. All going through the same exact problems.

"Now," Sasha began to lecture she always does. "we have to stay together." She pushed the castle door open. Dust flew out towards us. It was musty as hell. It did have a lock to keep people from getting in, which was surprising.

We all went inside, and looked at what we could visibly see. It was like a pit of eternal darkness, if you can catch my meaning. ;) As we looked around, I heard what appeared to be a bag rustle beside me. I turned, and was shocked at what I saw. Mick was opening a bag of assorted drugs. I was beyond shocked.

"You *must* be kidding me." I spoke out loud, but in a whispered tone.

The dumbass looked confused to the point of no return. "Huh?"

I placed my soft hands against my almost non-existent waist. "You're gonna smoke that shit while we trying to save our lives?"

"At this point," Mick said, "us humanly failures have nothing left to lose."

Pilot had a sad look on their face. "I want to run for office one day!"

"Nobody gives a shit!" I responded.

Pilot threw up their fists. **"I'M GOING TO BEAT YOUR ASS YOU-"**

Tasha Wire got between the two of us. "Alright, this is what we're gonna do. We're gonna split up, and since there is six of us, it's going to be groups of two. Mick, you'll be with me. Pilot goes with Cass, and Peter will go with Ben. We are going to explore the castle and look for weapons. If you see the killer, either run, or try to kill them."

Holy shit. Me and Ben. Haha. God, this is going to be fun!

Me and Ben were alone. Star crossed lovers in a way.

I looked into his unnatural blue eyes. "What if we don't make it out?" I wrapped my thin arms around his left one.

"Well," Benzatien Steel looked into my crow-like eyes. "we'll die together~"

Then..in a moment full of surprise...he pinned up against the wall and kissed the living fuck out of me. His lips were like Juno's, but I tasted no alcohol. His were softer too. I didn't want it to end.

I pushed Ben off of me in order to catch my breath. So caught up in the moment we had forgot about the killer.

Oh well.

If we die, we die.

I looked into his eyes. Full of hunger and wonder. "What do we do now?"

Benzatien turned his head a little bit and smiled. "*Whatever* we want~"

To this day, I never could understand why he would choose such an *ugly* creature like me.

Our bodies contained an enormous amount of sweat on top of them.

We fell into our lustful urges, and we lost the idea to keep our clothes on. We found a quiet little spot, and took off our clothes. We kissed for a while, all hot and shit, and then he put his thingie into my you-know-what and we did it together for the first time.

A cool breeze flew onto us when I had reached my organism. It was like when you're listening to a Ayesh Ero song and the big riff comes on or some shit.

We laid on the old dust floor for a while, and after a while we put our clothes back on and acted like nothing happened.

We continued our journey to find weapons. It was very calming. It was also like smelling a new book for the first time.

"Your eyes look pretty in the moonlight." He told me. God he was *hot*. His facial piercings were amazing.

"Your's do too."

We were about to kiss when we heard...

"OH MY GOD THEY CUT THAT BITCH'S HEAD OFF!!"

It was Pilot screaming, and we knew something was off. They scream when they want attention, but this was a different kind of scream.

We ran towards Pilot's voice. When they screamed, they sounded like that one ancient animated mouse from centuries past.

Me and Ben's steamy and romantic side plot, one that Juno has no knowledge of, will have to wait a little longer.

What a shame.

Chapter End Notes

Hey lovelies! It's Peter, and I'm back with another update into the day in my life! I decided to come back in celebration of my enemy getting cancelled! Bye Rita! You fucking loser! I survived, and you didn't! Who's the better writer now, huh? Anyway, I gotta go, but I'll be back soon loves!

XOXO, Peter Nureyev

Predator & Prey

Chapter Summary

They say the loudest noise causes the greatest change.

Will Peter Ransom find the change in his loudest noise?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

All hell had let loose when we got to Pilot.

There was a head disconnected from it's body...

Sasha Wire's head.

Mick Mercury was sobbing uncontrollably. What a crybaby. It's just *one* dismembered head. Like, what's he going to do? Say a magic spell and make her feel better? What a fucking loser.

He held her headless body close to him as blood stained itself onto his clothes. He possessed an emotion that I didn't have. Empathy. It's a cute emotion, but you don't need it to survive.

Me, the only sane one, besides Ben, who was also my side lover, were trying to calm him down when we heard a noise...

.

.

.

The noise of a distant chainsaw...

"EVERYBODY RUN!!!" Ben shouted as all of us made a run for it and the chainsaw got louder.

Five gays were now running in the abandoned castle. See, I can count! I'm not *entirely* clueless!

We decided to hide on the third floor, and I was entirely certain the killer wouldn't find us here!

Me, Pilot, and Cassandra hid in the same place. It was big enough for the three of us, and we had a ton of room.

Ben and Mick hid in a hidden space across from us. Their space was a little smaller, but it looked all right from where I was able to see it.

We had to come up with a plan.

A plan that will get us out of this horrendous castle.

Cassandra looked down at the dark floor. It felt cold and distant. Reminding us of a time when we were young and full of innocence. "One of us has to go out there and distract the killer, the rest of us make a run for it, and the distraction follows quickly behind."

At that moment, I knew exactly who to sacrifice...

I turned around, and placed my hand on Pilot's chest. "*Pilot...*" I spoke to him in a soft and seductive voice.

They looked at me. Wonder and lust filled their eyes the moment I made my move. I could tell my facade is working, and thank fucking god it was working fast. "Yes, Peter?"

I smiled and began to run my hands along their chest. Softly rubbing in the areas of the chest I knew were very sensitive. "I *want* you..."

They put their hand on my back. Slightly tugging on the top of my outfit. "Right now?..."

Cassandra Kanagawa's facial expression was a mix between anger and confusion. She wanted to stop us, but she also didn't want to get us noticed by the murderer. "What the *hell* are you two doing?" She whispered towards us.

The murderer had entered the gigantic room in which all of us were hiding in.

Slightly heaving, they were carrying a chainsaw.

One slight move, and we will all be dead.

Well...one of us...

On second thought, not me, because I am basically indestructible! ;)

Pilot couldn't see me, but I was able to wink at Cass, and she understood immediately. I grabbed the his back in my hands, and soft clawed his back with my long painted nails. "Pilot...I want you.." They pinned me to the wall, and I smiled slyly. "..take me...*fuck*...I'm all yours..."

I watched as Pilot began to unbuckle their pants...

His heat was softly radiating between the both of us...

And then...

I kneed Pilot in the crotch, and pushed them into the sight of the killer. The murderer immediately noticed them and ran towards their prey.

Pilot had no time to think because he was immediately chopped up into pieces.

It was like cutting meat on a cutting board...haha...

I left my hiding spot and began to run. **"EVERYBODY RUN TO THE WINDOWS AND JUMP OUT!!"**

Everybody did just that.

Mick jumped out and fell into a bush.

Ben went next, tripping out of the window.

Then Cass, who went out smoothly.

I waited for a second. Looking down at the bush.

Did I really want to survive?...

Then I heard a voice calling from down below...

Benzatien's voice.

"HURRY! YOU HAVE SO MUCH TO LOOK FORWARDS TO! I BELIEVE IN YOU!!"

So, I took a deep breathe...

And jumped...

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

I landed in a bush and got up right away. I busted my ass, what little ass I had of course, but I could still walk fine.

The car was waiting for me, and I got in.

Fuck this place...

To *think* I was going to have a good time...

We drove away as fast as we could.

The figure of the killer stood in the window...

They took off their helmet and mask...

Revealing the familiar person who possessed green hair and scars all over.

Chapter End Notes

Hey lovelies! It's Peter Nureyev, and I missed you guys! I hoped you enjoyed this chapter, and there is more to come!

XOXO, Peter Nureyev

End Notes

Hey guys! It's Peter Nureyev, and I'm back! I apologize for the absence, but it won't happen again! Love you, darlings!~

XOXO, Peter Nureyev

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!